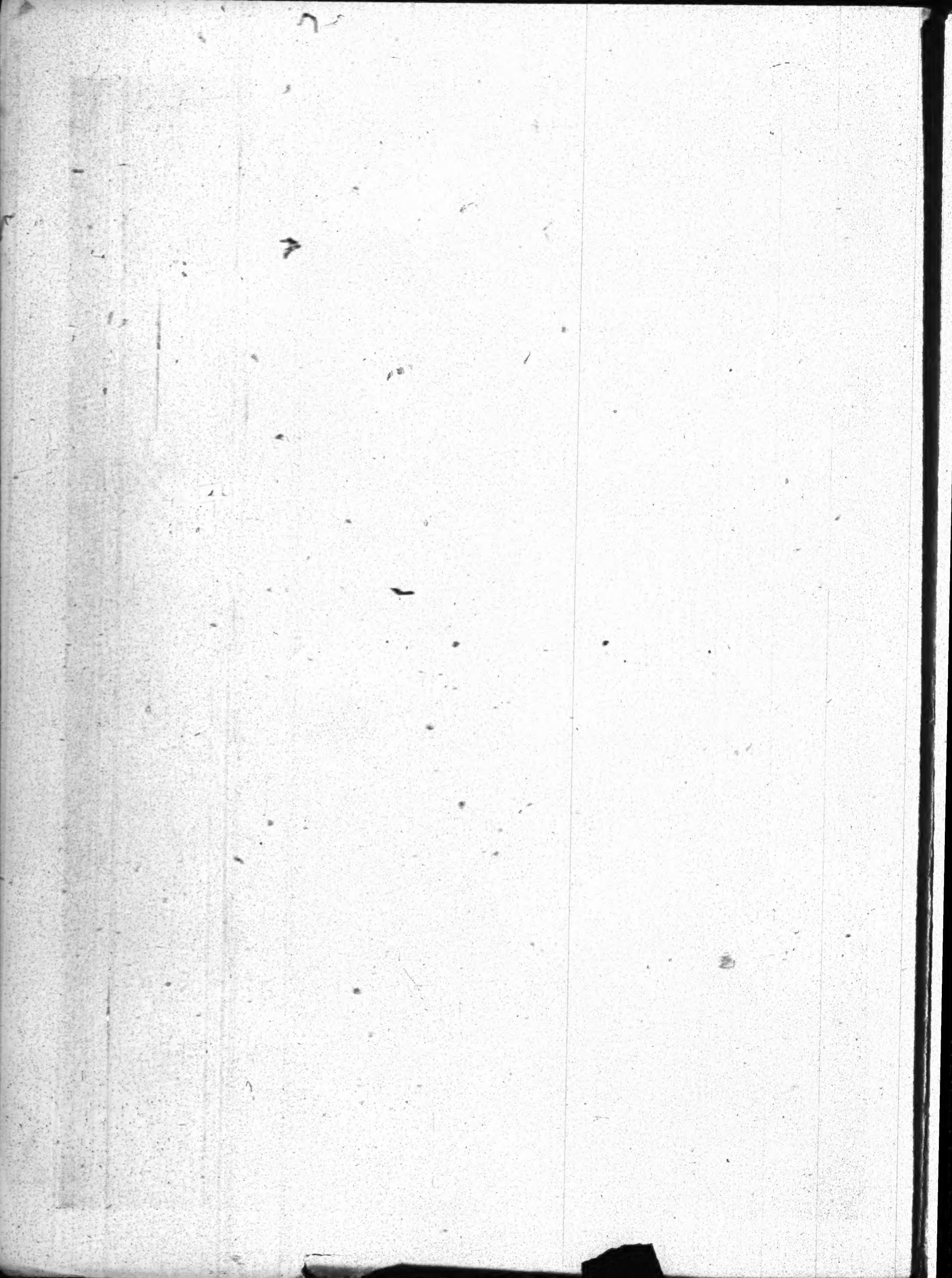


MAY 4 1927 THE TEN CENTS
CARMEL CYMBAL





THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 18

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1927

TWO DOLLARS THE YEAR

Woman's Club Proposes Bond Issue for Recreation Center on Carmel Beach

Harrison Library Bids Are Asked

PLANS and specifications for the proposed Harrison Memorial Library that were accepted at a meeting of the library trustees last week, were accepted by the Carmel board of trustees at their regular meeting on Monday night and a notice was sent out for bids. The bids will be opened at the meeting of the board on May 23. The plans were drawn by B. B. Maybeck of Berkeley, consulting architect, and M. J. Murphy, who had charge of the architectural drawing and superintending the construction. The plans are now on file at the city clerk's office, where they may be examined.

In two resolutions passed by the board, the office of traffic officer for the city was created, and G. O. Christensen was chosen out of a large field of applicants, to handle the position. He will receive a monthly salary of \$180. As well as being Carmel's traffic officer, Christensen will also act as deputy marshall. He was appointed because of his years of experience as traffic officer in other parts of the state.

The fire ordinance that has been worked on by the trustees and City Attorney Argyll Campbell was finally given its reading last Monday night. It is "an ordinance creating the office of fire marshal, and inspectors, prescribing the powers and duties of said offices, prohibiting fire hazards in the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, fixing the penalties for the violation thereof, and repealing all ordinances in conflict herewith".

This ordinance creates the office of fire marshal and eight inspectors to be appointed by the board of trustees. The city will be divided into two fire zones, the business section and residential section. Precaution is taken with regard to the wooden buildings in the business section.

A motion was passed instructing City Attorney Campbell to draw up a lease contract for the purchase of a truck to be used by the city in street construction work. The cost of the truck will not exceed \$881.

Monthly bills to the amount of \$1682.19 were paid out. This leaves a balance in

the treasury of \$13,706.47. The next regular adjourned meeting will be held on Monday night, May 23.

RUTH AUSTIN'S DANCERS

IN A RECITAL SATURDAY

The dance pupils of Ruth Austin are to be presented in a Program of the Dance by the Carmel Players at the Arts and Crafts theater this Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The friends of the children and all others who may be interested are invited to the program for which there will be no charge.

Those who will dance are Roe Marie Mattimore, Mary Knight, Mary Jane Ford, Gail Johnson, Mariam Clough, Dorothy Woodward, Andrew Clough, Barry Flanders, Kathleen Macleish, Alicia Flanders, Patty Johnson, Katherine Littlefield, Willis Main, Katherine Wilson, Juliana Woodward, Leone Maguire, Helen Marie Newmark, Hortense Spoehr, Frances Butler, Barbara Lewis, Molly Kellogg, Betty Reynolds, Eleanor Watson, Carol Hunkin, Billy McConnell.

The pianist is Dorothy Woodward. The costumes were designed and executed by Rhoda Johnson. The lighting will be in charge of Richard Johnson.

GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATER OWNER VISITING IN CARMEL

Marguerite Barker, playwright and producer of New York and owner of the Greenwich Village Theatre in that city, has been the guest of Marguerite Schuyler in Carmel since last Saturday. She arrived in Carmel from Los Angeles where she has been writing a new play. Mrs. Barker is one of the pioneers in the Little Theatre movement in America and has been a great aid in producing plays of American playwrights.

WATSONVILLE SUFFERS GREATLY IN PACKING HOUSE DISTRICT FIRE

It is estimated that between \$150,000 and \$200,000 was lost in a fire which wiped out ten plants in the packing house district of Watsonville yesterday afternoon.

Conrad Imelman's sport shop is undergoing alterations which include an extension of the store in the rear and fine long display windows.

Project Requires About \$100,000

A RECREATION center at the beach, to embrace the present site of the old bath house, and to be constructed from the proceeds of a bond issue in the approximate sum of \$100,000, is the plan of the Carmel Woman's Club to be discussed in detail at a postponed meeting at the club this afternoon.

The proposed center would include a swimming pool, tennis courts, a gymnasium and a building the purpose of which has not yet been planned, but which is tentatively designed for the use of adults.

Cornelis Botke, prominent artist, has drawn the preliminary plans for the proposed center and these will be the basis of discussion at the meeting of the club today.

The club senses opposition to the plan from old residents of Carmel to whom the possibility of concessions a la Santa Cruz on the Carmel beach is a hideous, fire-eyed bug-a-boo, but the leaders of the civic organization contend that there is no thought of granting hot dog rights or other such privileges in their plan.

It is pointed out that at the present time the beach is dangerous as a bathing place and is not the pleasure point that it should be.

The tentative plans of the club are said to have been carefully worked out and those who are familiar with them are enthusiastic over the project.

The amount of money necessary to carry out the project has not been definitely figured, but it is said that it will require at least \$100,000 to construct the initial recreation buildings and equipment desired.

DID YOU HAVE SOME PICTURES OF YOURSELF ON A HORSE?

It happened to be something the dog dragged in. Bonnie Gottfried says that Shana, her Irish setter, appeared with a roll of films the other day. She refused to say where she had found them. So, with that acumen characteristic of her, Bonnie had the films developed. They show a woman and a boy on horses, apparently on a Carmel street. If it is you and they are yours, you may obtain the pictures at The Cymbal office.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

CARMEL THE CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926, at Carmel, California.

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Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castellum, associate editor.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

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PERSONAL MENTION

MR. and Mrs. Eric Pedley are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter at their home at San Gabilan. There is one other daughter in the family.

The Cotton Blossom Singers, a male quartet from Piney Woods School at Piney Woods, Kentucky, gave an interesting recital last Monday night at the Carmel Community Church. The recital consisted of negro spirituals and plantation melodies. A collection was taken at the door.

Mrs. Jesse Vennstrom Cannon and her son, George, returned to their home in Berkeley on Monday, after spending a week at their cottage on San Carlos and Ninth. Mrs. Cannon plans to hold an exhibition of her paintings at the Stanford Art Galery in June.

Miss Marcelle Radgesky, Peggy Palmer and Ernestine Renzel spent Sunday in San Mateo visiting friends.

Mis Martha Farwell left Carmel Monday for Northern California, for a month's vacation.

The Flor de Monterey Tea Room was opened last Sunday, May 1, by Mrs. Margaret Grant of Carmel. Lunches, teas and dinners will be served throughout the summer months. Special dinners will be served by appointment.

Mrs. F. H. Clark of Berkeley has been spending a fortnight in Carmel as the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Bassett. Her husband, F. H. Clark, principal of Lowell High school in San Francisco, came down over the week-end. Mrs. Bassett accompanied them on their return to Berkeley Monday and will divide a two weeks' visit between the Clark home in

Berkeley and that of her niece, Mrs. Ernest Brundin, in Stockton.

Robert Willson, special writer on the editorial staff of the San Francisco Bulletin, and Mrs. Willson, visited Carmel Monday. Willson covered the recent legislative session at Sacramento for the Bulletin.

Alan McEwen, director of publicity for the San Francisco Community chest, with Mrs. McEwen and their son, are in their home on San Antonio street for a few days.

The Galerie Beaux Arts opened last week its final exhibition of group members with a group of Monterey artists. They are Ina Perham, Lucy Pierce, Margaret Bruton, C. S. Price, Julian Greenwald, and Robert Howard.

W. E. Jackson, head of the credit department of Blake, Moffit & Towne wholesale paper dealers of San Francisco, visited Carmel over the week end and on a fishing trip to the Little Sur gathered in the limit of trout in record time.

A special meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club will be held on Wednesday, May 4, 2:30 P. M. at Pine Inn. Several ammendments to the constitution will be made.

Donald Hale, L. E. Gottfried and Kenneth Prince returned to Carmel Sunday evening, from a week-end camping trip above the Chacague in the Carmel Valley. Incidentally they each had the limit of trout.

A dance will be given next Saturday night in the auditorium of the Sunset School. The same four piece orchestra that has played at the other dances will furnish the music for the occasion. Miss Margaret Burpee is chairman of the committee on arrangements. The other members of the committee are Mrs. J. Rockwell, who has charge of the hostesses for the evening, Mr. Gordon McLeish, advertising, Mrs. R. Rapier, refreshments, Mrs. Frederick Bigland, decorations. Miss Clara Kelloge, tickets. Miss Frances Burpee and Miss Audrey Walton, floor.

Mrs. A. L. Purdy held "open house" last Sunday afternoon at her cottage on The Point. A number of her friends dropped in for tea.

John Cooper Orcutt is in Los Angeles for a week or ten days. While he is away Mrs. Orcutt is staying with Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Cope.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, whose marriage was a social event of last October, are at present in New York on their way home from Europe. They will spend part of the summer at Pebble Beach at their new home, which was formerly the

residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Rittenhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hampton Hoge have been on the Peninsula for the past week, making further plans for their new summer home at Pebble Beach.

Mr. George Murdock, who has been spending several months in Carmel, returned to his home in Port Henry, New York, last week.

Mrs. Courtland Arne and her daughter, Evelyn, visited Mrs. Arne's mother in Salinas last week end.

Mrs. John Jordan was called to Suisun suddenly last week because of the severe illness of her brother-in-law, who lives there.

R. E. BROWNELL

DENTIST

POSTOFFICE
BUILDING

PHONE 250

AT LAST!

Low priced building plots can at last be had in the thermal belt of Carmel Highlands, above Highlands Inn, and accessible via improved roads.

Beautifully wooded pieces of ground with a sea view and one quarter of an acre or more in area are priced as low as \$1,000. Easy terms.

This is an opportunity.

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Office, Ocean Avenue Phone 18

Carmel's Flood Relief Drive

AN extensive drive for the Mississippi Relief Fund is being made this week by the members of the Carmel Red Cross, following the receipt of a telegram from William Hunt, San Francisco chairman of the drive, saying that Carmel's quota if \$250 had been doubled to help meet the increase of disaster in the flood region. A check for \$293 was mailed from Carmel last Friday by the local chapter, and the additional contributions will be mailed as they come in. However, it has been urged by local authorities that even though the minimum quota of \$500 is reached, the townspeople should make an effort to continue the subscriptions. The telegram that was received by Miss Mariam Arnold White, chairman of the local chapter, last Monday reads:

"Upon recommendation of Hoover, Fieser just returned from disaster area, central committee of the National Red Cross decided in view of vast increase in flooded area that emergency situation now demands minimum ten million dollars. This leaves the original quota doubled for each chapter. If you have already raised double your original quota please continue your efforts to secure as large amount as possible. In this crisis confident we can depend upon continuation of your loyal and devoted efforts."

Those in Carmel who are soliciting funds are Miss Ruth Huntington, Mrs. Calvert Meade, Mrs. Kersey Kluegal, Mr. Paul Prince, Miss A. White and Mr. Peter Taylor.

Local contributors up to the time the Cymbal went to press are:

- J. G. Anderson
- Stella Guichard
- Carmel Bakery
- Durham Hardware Store
- The Cymbal Press
- C. L. McDonald
- Cinderella Shop
- Carmel Land Company
- A. W. Wheldon
- Mrs. Gray
- Dr. Fenner
- C. O. Goold
- T. B. Reardon
- W. S. Frolli
- Carmel Garage
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- L. D. Whiffin
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- F. A. Clark
- Studio Restaurant
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- Barney Segal
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- Miss Mackaye
- Miss E. M. White
- Cathrine Morgan
- Miss L. R. Lichtenthaler
- Dr. H. E. Spoehr
- Miss Ida Johnson
- E. W. Willard
- Highlands Inn

Contributions may be turned in to the Carmel Development Company or the Carmel Realty Company

MRS. YOUNG AND ROBERT STANTON WIN JUDGMENT

Judgment was entered on April 25th in the Salinas County records against Edna M. Sheridan and Frank Sheridan, in the sum of \$1100 in favor of the plaintiffs Mrs. E. P. Young and Robert Stanton. This statement is to correct an erroneous impression that might have arisen from an article recently published in a Carmel publication.

MOIRA WALLACE WOOD

BLOCKS AT GUMPS IN S. F.

Moira Wallace, daughter of Grant Wallace of Carmel, is holding an exhibition of her wood blocks and water colors at Gumps in San Francisco. Gene Hailey of the San Francisco Chronicle says of her:

"Moira Wallace of Carmel, is another child artist whose work has gained such an impetus that it is not too early to gather it into a small exhibition. Quite untaught she has accomplished drawings, wood blocks in color and water color sketches that are amazing, especially to those who marvel at talent. These are on view at Gump's small gallery."

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Masons in Session Here

MORE than 200 Masons and their ladies attended the special reunion of San Jose Lodge of Perfection and San Jose Chapter Knights Rose Croix of the Scottish Rite at Carmel last Saturday and Sunday.

There were 60 men on degrees, 40 visitors and 42 candidates. The reunion was held at the Theatre of The Golden Bough which was found to be so adaptable for the Masonic work last year. The ceremonies are of a dramatic nature and the stage and fore-stage of The Golden Bough were particularly fitting for the occasion. Also, those who were here on the Masonic reunion last year expressed a desire to come again, declaring that the peacefulness of the Carmel vines lent atmosphere to the fraternal spirit of the Masonry.

Two banquets were held at Pine Inn, one on Saturday evening and the other Sunday at noon. Among the prominent speakers here this year were Senator Benson of San Jose and Dr. Learned of Pasadena.

Herry Askam, leading man of the "Castles of the Air" company and also leading in one of the heavy degrees of the Masonic rite, came up from Los Angeles to assist in the ceremonies and rendered three selections in the incidental music program. There were also six members of the San Jose choir who sang here. At the banquet Saturday night music was provided by the Elks orchestra of San Jose.

Benj. Ide Wheeler Dies

BENJAMIN Ide Wheeler, president emeritus of the University of California, is dead.

He passed away Monday in Vienna whither he had gone last summer to be with his son, Benjamin, who is connected with the University of Vienna.

News of Dr. Wheeler's death was given to University of California authorities today by the Associated Press.

Dr. Wheeler has been in poor health for several years, and since his retirement as active head of the university had made his home in Berkeley until his departure for Europe.

He is credited with being the person most responsible for the greater University of California as it exists today, and it was through his services as president of the university for more than twenty years that the foundations were laid for the greatest educational institution on the Pacific Coast and one of the ranking universities in the United States.

Dr. Wheeler was 73 years old. He was born in Randolph, Mass., July 15, 1854. He was appointed president of the University of California in 1899.

CHILDREN DANCE AT MEETING OF CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

The Carmel Woman's Club held an interesting luncheon on Monday in the

attractive garden at Mrs. Nye's home. The club members were met at the gate by two small girls who presented each one with an old fashioned nosegay of flowers. Groups were arranged for luncheon, and the guests were delighted with the dancing of three of Ruth Austin's advanced pupils. Barbara Lewis, Leone Maguire and Patty Johnson, in pastel-colored frocks made a pretty picture in the patio.

The garden group had arranged bouquets of flowers from local gardens in the living and dining rooms which were greatly admired.

Prior to the luncheon, the board of directors met and sent a wire to Governor C. C. Young asking him to sign the Baker Sanitary bill, number 858. The club are very appreciative of the work done by Dr. W. L. Tower for Carmel, but feel that the present bill has been rushed through in a hurry, is too autocratic and the people have had no chance to express their opinion on the matter.

Carmel's New Jail Might Run Away

CARMEL is progressing! We are to have a jail—a portable one at that. Last Monday night at the meeting of the board of trustees, Commissioner of fire and police George Dennis was instructed to communicate with the California League of Municipalities and get the complete data on the possibility of purchasing a second hand, portable jail.

If cast off clothing can be worn by younger sisters, why cannot a cast off jail be used by Carmel? It was stated at the meeting that many small towns in the state build new jails, and have the old ones on their hands as necessary nuisances. They then get in touch with the league offering the jail for sale. The purchase of a jail for Carmel was deemed necessary by the trustees because of the expense in transporting prisoners to the Monterey jail and caring for them when they are there. The possibility of a muscular prisoner walk away with our prison was scoffed at by City Marshal Gus England. "Why, we will tie it to a tree", he said.

A second advantage that Carmel would gain from the structure would be as a convenient place for the unexpected guest to spend the night.

Pirates Break Record

THE Pirates, captained by Byron Pryor, made a new record in the Abalone League last Sunday by shutting out the Robins, 6 to nothing. According to the authorities in Carmel this is the first time that a team in the League has had a goose egg chalked against them. In the other game of the American League the Rangers defeated

THE CARMEL CYMBALS

the White Sox in an eight inning battle, 11 to 10.

In the National League the Reds won over the Crescents, 4 to 3, and the Eskimos defeated the Shamrocks by a 7 to 5 score. The Giants scored a heavy win over the Tigers in the last game of the afternoon, 15 to 2. This is the second Sunday that the games have been played at the new diamond in Carmel Woods.



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Ask Me Another?

The second series of the interesting Question Book..... \$1.50

COME IN AND BROWSE

First Edition Book Shop
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The Saga of Snik

the adventures of a rat



ASK ME ANOTHER

MYRA B.
Is that the name?
It's funny
But honey
I think it's a shame
Not to know
What B. stands for.
I am Snik
And more and more
I'm getting sick.



JEAN LEIDIG STARTS

MOVIE "ON HER OWN"

Jean Leidig, nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leidig, is probably the youngest dramatic coach and producer in Carmel. Last Friday afternoon, a moving picture show was held in the Leidig's back yard. One penny was the admission charge.

Painted signs with the words on them, "This Way", led the audience to the "Theater". Wooden boxes with numbers painted on them made most comfortable loges. A square hole cut in a large box was the silver sheet. Inside the box crouched one of Carmel's very young film operators. At regular intervals he held pieces of cardboard to the opening, which told to the audience the sad story of a "very old man" who, after feeding his horses and chickens, became the victim of a strange malady that finally drove him to his death's bed.

Little Miss Leidig did everything from painting the pictures, writing the captions and making the theater, to selling the tickets and even quelling fistics encounters among the young men of the neighborhood.

HENRY COWELL VISITS US

Henry Cowell, pianist and composer, spent the week-end in Carmel, visiting Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous. He has just returned to California from an extensive tour of the east, where he gave several recitals. Cowell went to his home at Menlo Park from Carmel. He is planning to remain in the west for several months.



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* * *

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Notes and Comment



AS WE REMARKED with certain pride in last week's Cymbal, next Wednesday is the first anniversary of our birth. We are planning to make the issue of the paper that day a special issue. We shall endeavor to put into it more of those things that will please and interest you and, possibly, eliminate more of those that fail to create either or both of those reactions. Even against the handicap of finances and troubles generally that have been more or less augmented by the eccentricities and, if you will, indiscretions of its editor, we have muddled along until we are able to lay claim to life at the first milestone in our career. And more than that—as example, last week we received a letter from someone here in the state, enclosing sixty cents in stamps for the six most recent issues of The Cymbal and asking us how much it would cost to send the paper regularly to Switzerland. With the annual influx of visitors upon us we are gaining a great deal of heart. "The Cymbal is so unlike any other weekly newspaper we ever saw," they say, "Send it to us for a year." Which means, of course, that we will be sending it to them for years innumerable. And today Cymbals are going forth far and wide into the world. We have subscribers in Italy, England, Germany, Hawaii and Canada, and subscribers here are completing the roster of the nations of the earth by re-mailing their copies. Someone has said: "It's a dull life if you don't weaken," and feeling particularly strong just now we discover that the great delight derived from this state is contingent on the fact that we have weakened.

WE WONDER what the tranquil soul of Dr. Thomas Starr King—we assume there is tranquillity where he most probably is—thinks about his strife over whether or not he should stand in a niche beside Father Junipero Serra as representing California in the Hall of Fame at Washington. If there is as much leisure in Heaven as we have been led to believe, he has probably an immense amount of time that might be given in thought to the matter. And we'll wager a new pig of linotype metal that instead of thinking about it at all he is playing checkers. In "this sorry scheme of things entire" we are so ludicrously serious. It was recently remarked in regard to the legislative selection which included Starr King that Father Serra was sufficient as

representing religion and that the early settlers in California "were not noted for their piety". Whereupon The Cymbal offers a candidate in place of Dr. King. Put Bret Harte in beside the padre and from down where we fear Mr. Harte is broiling we will hear a grateful "atta boy!" * * *

CAPTAIN W. L. TOWER, who has given a year of purely unselfish time and effort to the matter of adequate and permanent sanitation for Carmel and the immediate vicinity, is today resting and gardening up at his home in Eighty Acres, and will probably continue to do so for some time to come to the confusion of sanitary affairs, because to a large and influential group of people in this community the matter of health regulations is anathema.

The original and surprisingly energetic antipathy to the sanitary district measure which Captain Tower presented to the legislature was based on the objection to "health provisions" which were feared to provide regulations of a *materia medica* variety for the prevention of epidemics. Such regulations are particularly objectionable to the group which started the fight against the bill. In the measure as finally adopted they have been eliminated. But the joke in the thing is that just such provisions are part of the regulations of the state board of health and can be enforced in Carmel, regardless of any local law, as well as in Shasta or Imperial.

As for the charge that there is no provision for initiative and referendum in the bill, it is hokum. Such provision is there in black and white.

The claim is made that there is no limit to taxation possible under the bill. This claim is absolutely groundless. For that matter, it would be utterly unconstitutional, even on the first glance of a shyster lawyer, if there were no such limitation.

The whole thing sums up to the most definite point that a man who has had the impersonal interests of the community at heart, who has given of his time and money unstintingly, who has studied the matter and knows what he is doing, has been made to feel that his efforts are unappreciated and that they are thought to be somewhat insidious.

Education and propaganda are the province of people who have theological convictions against health laws and regulations; not the destruction of fences constructed by others with just as strong convictions the other way.

That IS insidious.

DR. LINCOLN WIRT, a little man with a wonderful shock of grey hair and a dynamic mind and tongue, delivered an unusually interesting address before the Carmel branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom last Sunday night and he said some things that were immensely impressive and told of many experiences in bewildered Europe that were vital and stirring.

He gave us ably and eloquently a pic-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

ture of the disastrous effects of the great World War. He easily convinced us that there is no victory in war; even that armament does not protect, but in his talk there was little to cling to as a weapon against the threatening holocausts of the future. He did not send us away with any tangible plan with which we might align ourselves against the beast of destruction.

He declared that the trouble lay in the fact that "education has not caught up with catastrophe" and he offered us education as the answer to the outlawry of war.

It is far too nebulous a weapon for the necessary attack. We close our hand and find no sword hilt within it.

In fact, it is education IN catastrophe that is the principal trouble. Inadvertantly illogical, Dr. Wirt gave us this idea himself Sunday night. He talked of the need for going forward and naturally he drifted to encomiums of pioneers. He named Wendall Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe as pioneers in education. We accept this and contend that the climactic result of their education was one of the most inexplicable internecinal struggles the world has ever known.

Education in peace falls short of education in catastrophe—that's the trouble, and until we muzzle the jingoists and close the training camps and wipe out the military academies all the education in peace our churches and our anti-war organizations can muster will not be worth the effort.

And then, we contend, Dr. Wirt made a confession that was damaging to his cause; that rendered his fine address ineffectual. He declared that he is not a pacifist; that if war should come he would fight for the honor of his flag. It is just such talk that arouses chuckles over at the Presidio in Monterey and in the war councils of the world. When we can get the sane and sober people of this earth, during periods of peace, to stand firmly on their convictions that they will not fight for the honor of their flag if war should come, we will be going farther toward eliminating the possibility of war coming than through anything else we might do.

"My people will not fight," says King Tom to President Dick. "Neither will mine," answers President Dick. "What shall we do about it?" ask both. "Let's

Sale of
CHILDREN'S
DRESSES

The Cinderella Shop

forget it" and they have a drink.

And the only way they will know we won't fight is to tell them so in advance—far in advance.

The Cymbal proposes a "We Won't Fight" organization, now, before we know what the issue is going to be and our heads are turned.

We submit the proposal as a much better and more tangible dissipator of war than anything Dr. Wirt offered in all his sincerity.

* * *

THE Carmel Cymbal desires to go on record as favoring the proposal of the Carmel Woman's club for a recreation center on the beach—with reservations.

As our news story today declares, the possibility of hot dog and oil painting concessions on the Carmel beach is a bug-a-boo that also terrorizes us. We want them just about as much as we do a glue factory or a chamber of commerce, which is most considerably less than not at all.

But we see no threatening Santa Cruz in the plans of the Woman's Club as we understand them. At least, there is nothing threatening in the plans at present. Eternal vigilance is the price of a lot of things besides liberty, and eternal vigilance will have to be the order of the day week and month if we are to keep the ubiquitous vender of everything and anything from assaulting the white sands of Carmel beach.

There is only one way to assure this vigilance and make it operative to the bitter end, and that is by not permitting the slightest possible commercialism to become entangled with the recreation center plans. That would mean that there should be not even a soda water counter. Soda water, peanuts, popcorn, Hot dogs, oil paintings done on the minute, snap-shots of boy friend and girl friend, singly and together—these are not necessary to actual enjoyment of life on the beach at Carmel.

To the contrary they would draw as a magnet to Carmel the class of people who consider them much more important and desirable than the white sand, and the water and the sunsets. These we have never wanted to turn up Munras avenue from the highway and we don't want them now. Santa Cruz is a lovely spot—for those who like that sort of thing—it is a veritable heaven for them. There is no need for them to go farther and fare worse. Faring worse for that sort is what we want Carmel to stand for.

The Cymbal, then, is heart and soul for the plans of the Carmel Woman's club to make of Carmel beach something more desirable for those who already love it as it is, if you know what we mean.

But the editorial guns are loaded to the tip of the muzzle for the first crack of a peanut shell or the first pop of a soda water bottle.

* * *

THERE is a slogan often used by campaigners for relief funds which reads: "Give Till It Hurts". In regard to the Mississippi River flood victims'

fund we would suggest that you give further than that; that you give until it feels good. No man ever gave his shirt off his back that he was not ultimately happier about it than if he had donated merely the collar band. This is not sentimental rot; it is just as true as death and taxes. If you've ever tried it, you know.

And remember that while Charity may begin at home, it shouldn't be exclusively confined there, and the man who uses this threadbare philosophy should be properly ashamed of himself.

But there is another class of people which draws back on the matter of rendering assistance to the helpless and the homeless and the foodless as a repudiation of their philosophy which prohibits sympathy. Such people are beyond the pale of human consideration and for them there should be nothing but contempt.

If you are walking the streets, or riding in an automobile; if you are able to eat and sleep and read and talk; if you occasionally smoke, or eat a piece of candy, you are immeasurably better off than thousands of people in the Mississippi valley today; you are trillionaires beside them.

Give then until it feels good. Carmel's quota toward the relief fund has not yet been reached. If you are not on the list as published in The Cymbal today send in your dime or your dollar, your ten or your twenty or your hundred to the Carmel Development Company, the Carmel Land company, the Pine Cone office or the office of The Cymbal.

A LETTER

Editor The Cymbal,
Carmel, Calif.

My dear Mr. Bassett,

The Carmel P. T. A. wishes to send you many thanks for your courtesy and kindness in publishing all its announcements during the past year.

Very Sincerely,

Josephine Newmark
Corresponding Secretary

A well behaved young dog wants a home.

She is of the neuter sex and is of medium size—color mostly black—is most domestic and kiddyable. Her name is "Flip", but she doesn't deserve it.

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Book Notes

MARJORIE Straehay has turned to fiction from her biographical novel "The Nightingale: a Life of Chopin," written apparently under the influence of the modern school of biography which her brother introduced so successfully. Her second book, "The Counterfeits," just published by Longmans, Green & Co. is a study in contrast. Two love affairs, almost identical in circumstances, one taking place in Russia and one in post-war England, form the plot. The heroine, an introspective, highly emotional woman, balances one experience against the other, and comes to realize that both are counterfeits passing for love. Miss Strachey has devised an unusual and extremely interesting way to handle the time element in her story.

* * *

Education is killing folklore in Ireland, according to Ella Young, the Irish poet and author. With their outlook growing more and more sophisticated, Irish children find fairies and pookahs and the great Celtic gods mere superstitions. Any attempt now to preserve the folklore of Ireland must be a race against time. Miss Young's book of Irish folklore "The Wonder-Smith and His Son," was recently published by Longmans, Green & Co., illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff.

* * *

There is a strong suspicion abroad that the New York Herald-Tribune "started something" when it printed as a leading article in Books "Stop Educating Our Children" by John Langdon-Davies, based on three recent books by "tired educationalists" of whom the world is full. Moreover, they invite correspondence upon the subject which Mr. Langdon-Davies finds so lugubrious. The real trouble about education" he says, "is that the human parent does not die directly the child is physically mature. Through education the parents hope to make their children docile, and, above all, to maintain respect for parents by making children admire whatever seems admirable to parents as parents. Moreover, try to save their faces by pretending that their increased attention to education is a sign of progress, whereas it is merely a sign of the decay of the family and the growing incompatibility of the generations." One of the three books which prompted the article is "Procrustes" a recent addition to Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series.

* * *

There can be no questioning the fact that a new name has been "writ large" in the lists of first-class woman writers of fiction in America. "Andy Brandt's Ark" has definitely given that status to Edna Bryner. The New York Times declares that reading it is a spiritual experience of a high order, that an apparent austerity of intention "is redeemed at every point by an illusion of real living, and by a quality that might be called comprehensive sympathy. She has

poured forth in 'Andy Brandt's Ark' exactly what she had to say concerning a certain kind of American home, and the problem of a particular girl in attaining a way of life of her own". In the New York Herald-Tribune Isabel Patterson, calling to mind how Samuel Butler's masterpiece, "The Way of All Flesh" has remained the unique study of the family as such, finds "something of the original shock of amazement, reluctant recognition, and administration in coming upon Edna Bryner's work is quite as deeply felt and as sincerely presented, and there is nothing derivative in characters, episodes, or atmosphere." As Herschell Brickell in The New York Evening Post sums it up, it is a "tremendously powerful book."

J. K. Turner's Daughter Wins Poetry Honors

JUANITA Turner, a San Rafael High School girl, and daughter of J. K. Turner of Carmel, won distinguished honors by being awarded one of the first ten places in the poetry division of the national scholastic award contests open to all high school students of the United States, according to word received yesterday from Pittsburg, Pa.

Three prizes and seven honorable mentions were awarded, and little Miss Turner received one of the honorable mentions. Two of her best poems, according to Dr. W. M. Davidson, superintendent of Pittsburg schools and chairman of educators who conducted the contests, were entitled "Religious Lady" and "Whim".



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The Concert

THE wind came up
Over the edge of the world
Bringing the Grand Idea
"Let's have a concert" she said.
"Ocean! you shall create the background—
Let not these crisp young waves
Outsing your deeper voice".
Over the silken grass
She ran her rhythmic fingers—
"In tune" she said
"O exquisitely in tune!"
She woke the cliff-swallows
"Yours is the circling theme
Swift, swift and never stopping."
She woke the meadow birds.
"Lest this gets dull
Sprinkle it frequently with surprise.
Then when the sun
Lights up the expectant sky
Break forth in unison!
Let all the people come"—
And nobody came.

—D. C. H.

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Peace Advocate Talks To Carmel Club

EDUCATION has not caught up with catastrophe—that is the trouble,” declared Lincoln Wirt, western secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, in an address on “The Outlawry of War” at Unity Hall Sunday evening given under the auspices of the Carmel branch of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom.

Dr. Wirt declared that the only effective weapon we have with which to battle against another war that would devastate Christian civilization is education of the rank and file of the world against catastrophe. He quoted Ambassador Houghton as declaring his convictions that Europe is even now preparing for another war and he pointed to the waxing hatred of the Latin countries of America as foreboding and threatening.

“It is a battle between education and catastrophe now,” he said. “We can only save ourselves from annihilation by combining our common cause in an effective machine for the prevention of war. Peace may come to the world through judicial action of nations, perhaps, although I am not so sure. However, Sweden has completed treaties with eight other nations of the earth which place war on the plain of the felon and if Sweden can do this with eight nations she can do it with all of them. If Sweden can do it, we can do it. But the bulwark of strength against coming catastrophes is in the people; in the education of the people so that war shall be impossible through enlightenment.”

With an apology to the president of the Carmel branch of the W. I. L., Dr. Wirt admitted that he was not a pacifist; that if war came again he would fight to protect his flag, but he insisted that a hatred of war and a dedication of one’s life to the battle against war could be compatible with a determination to fight if need be for the protection of his country.

Dr. Wirt, whose home is in Berkeley, has recently returned from a world tour. He delivered an address on “Europe Eight Years After” before the Commonwealth club in San Francisco last December.

The Woodside Library

QUIETNESS, solitude and a room full of books. What more can a person wish? Walk down Ocean avenue and turn to your left when you reach Monte Verde. A few doors from the Theatre of The Golden Bough, on the right hand side of the street, is your destination. You may have difficulty in finding it at first because it is tucked away among the pines, but a little blue sign with the words painted on it, “Woodside Library”, gives you the first clue.

The front door is always open, giving you an unspoken welcome. Walk in and you will be greeted by Dora Hagemeyer,

who owns the library. You may browse around the books reading a little here and there or you may ask for your favorite author and sit down in a comfortable chair and read. And if you know that you want to read and don’t know exactly what you want, ask Mrs. Hagemeyer. She knows every book on the shelves and will readily pick out a number of volumes for you that will suit your particular mood. In her little library are old books, new books, plays, poetry, history, biography—in fact every type of a book that one could think of.

The moment you enter the room, you relax. Soft tones in the rugs and curtains give a restful appearance. A beautiful old fashioned square piano very patiently rests on one side of the room. A comfortable couch has been placed in a little alcove by the window. But—enough of this—you must go and browse around too.

—E.I.

S. F. Players Here On May 20 and 21

TARNISH” and “Minick” will be produced at the Theatre of The Golden Bough May 20 and 21 by the San Francisco Players Guild, under the direction of Reginald Travers. Large houses for both nights are expected because of the success of the last two plays given in Carmel by that organization. It has not yet been decided which of the plays will be given first. That will be announced next week.

Except for two characters, the cast of both plays will be made up of entirely

different players than those who acted here before. Reginald Travers will play the lead in “Minick”.

“The Hairy Ape”, Eugene O’Neill’s famous play, will be given on the following week-end as the next play in the Golden Bough Subscription series. This will be on three nights, May 27, 28 and 29.

BOY SCOUTS DEMONSTRATE AT MASONIC CLUB MEETING

A program comprised of the demonstration of scouting events by the Carmel Boy Scout Troop was given last night at the meeting of the Masonic Club, in honor of the receipt of the charter for the troop by this organization, from the National Scout Headquarters. This troop was sponsored by the Carmel Masonic club when it was originally started here.

At the next meeting of the scouts on next Monday night delegates will be elected to attend the Santa Clara, San Benito and Monterey Bay Area Council Scoutmasters and Patrol Leaders Conference, to be held on May 14 and 15.



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William Randolph Hearst

(From The New Yorker)

TO GAIN a measure of understanding of William Randolph Hearst, one must splash the canvas broadly. Hearst is one of the most puzzling personalities that has appeared on the American scene in modern times. From a human standpoint he is immeasurable, a strange, monumental, enigmatical two hundred and twenty pounds of bone, muscle—and brain.

He lives strictly within his own microcosm. While larias of gossip and innuendo and speculation are wound about him, he conducts the greatest strictly individual enterprise on earth with frictionless mastery and accomplishes the work of a dozen men. There are almost twenty thousand names on the payrolls of his thirty-five newspaper and magazine properties, and an army of perhaps fifty thousand others whose income is determined by his activities, from the lumberjack who saws down one of the trees in the sixty acres of forest consumed each day, in paper pulp, by his publications, to the noted author who sells him a short story for four thousand dollars.

Hearst is a glamorous individual. Little wonder that he thinks and acts like an emperor and is one within his own sphere.

Take him as he appeared not so long ago when he received in his New York residence one hundred and twenty-five important gentlemen who spin the golden spokes of his publications. This New York home sprawls luxuriantly over the four floors of a large red apartment house called the Clarendon, at Eighty-sixth street and Riverside Drive.

The publisher was in benevolent mood. Encouraging reports had poured in upon him all afternoon. Circulation was booming from Seattle to San Antonio, from Atlanta to Los Angeles. The great open spaces, in advertising, were being rapidly and eagerly filled. Hence, Mr. Hearst's chuckle was not so low, not so cold as usual, as he stilled the hubbub in his hundred-by-forty-foot conference cloister, and led the way to the upper floor, which had just undergone two years of remodelling. The chattering and talking were suddenly hushed, as the great Gothic doors were swung back, and the guests were ushered into the most gorgeous private banqueting hall in America. For a moment they stood mute before priceless paintings, antique armor, and tapestries, and then they all crowded about the chief, murmuring, hooting, jabbering admiration. And no un King showing his courtiers a Salon "Appollon could have been more pleased.

That's Hearst. A Lucullus, a Mæcenas, man of impenetrable mind and emotion, individual of extraordinary merit and no less astonishing demerit, above all a liver-stirring showman, born into the world with a love of third-act climaxes

and a genius for creating them.

At sixty-four (the anniversary falls on April 29) he has no thought of abdicating. "The time to retire is when God retires you and not before," he wired the last general meeting of his executives.

Hearst still haunts art galleries and book sales, in person or through agents scattered over the world. He closes deals in the millions by one snap of the fingers. Summer before last, he was idling over the pages of an English illustrated weekly. His lolling interest was attracted by photographs of an ancient castle, called St. Donat's, in Wales. Within three hours, by cable, this perfect Norman building had passed into his possession, with its thirteen hundred acres of park, its portcullis, guardroom, outer and inner bailey, gallery, armory, tilting yard, etc. By right of purchase he has become "Warden and Protector" of a wild stretch of Welsh coast against pirate raiders.

St. Donat's is but one of a dozen ancient landmarks it has pleased his fancy to acquire. In 1911 he bought Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire.

The ancient seat was carefully torn down and removed, stone by stone and brick by brick, to this country, though it has not yet been reassembled here. It is upon his own great American dukedom at San Simeon, in Central California, that Hearst is now lavishing at least half of his time. At San Simeon he is king of a cultivated domain that covers more than four square miles, with fifty miles of shore line. And here he is assembling his treasures of the ancient and modern world in art, and housing them in a group of buildings set upon an eminence two thousand feet high, aptly named "La Cuesta Encantada"—"The Enchanted Hill." Moorish towers, ninety feet high, guard the main building.

Four miles from the main house lies the San Simeon wharf. The dock is constantly clogged with hundreds of heavy boxes, which contain every sort of antique and objet d'art—even the transplanted stones of castles in Spain and England, and an old church in Verona (which Hearst purchased last year). Each stone, each window—is numbered and the original buildings are being assembled at San Simeon.

All over the earth this astonishing man owns land and treasures—castles, monasteries, churches, homes, mines, ranches, paintings, sculpture, pottery, rare volumes and objects of art. He has a lust for acquisition.

A few years ago he bought a hotel overlooking the Grand Canyon. Entranced by the view from the porch, he purchased it in passing. It is probable that he has never returned to look at the view a second time. He fits up elaborate studios and offices, in fabulously costly fashion—and then forgets all about them. At San Simeon, when he does not like an effect,

he waves his hand and orders a change made.

This may entail tearing down entire walls and destroying mural decorations upon which artists have worked months; it is enough for him to say, "It does not please my eye."

Despite his lordly living and prodigal expenditures, Hearst's personal fortune mounts into nine figures. With but one or two exceptions all of his publications are profitable. Good Housekeeping, most remunerative of the magazines, for years has netted more than a million dollars annually, and there are other properties that return over a million, several that yield more than half a million.

In 1926 Hearst's gross income was probably a hundred and fifty million dollars. Of this he withdrew perhaps ten per cent, fifteen millions, for personal expenditures. When he requires cash it is his custom to requisition it through his personal auditor from any one of his many companies. The money is always forthcoming, even if occasionally the executives of the company receiving the requisition have to scurry out and borrow it from a bank—or an author has to wait a few weeks for the fifty thousand he is to get for his latest serial.

Hearst is the sole owner—he has no stockholders—of no less than seventy-two companies. His is by far the largest publishing business on earth. He is in close touch with important details of the business management of every one of his properties—devoting at least twelve hours a day to the job. He has the utmost contempt for a paper that does not pay and

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hesitates not an instant in directing wholesale changes in his editorial and business forces.

Outwardly, William Randolph Hearst is a modest man. This statement may shock those accustomed to the typographical violence of Hearst's headlines, and the audacity of his pyrotechnical displays. But in his private relationships, Hearst's actions are those of a man of modesty. He is fearful of personal publicity, and it was years after his public career began before he summoned courage to make his first stumbling political speech, still longer before he accustomed himself to ramping across his pages over the bold, black capitalized signature, "WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST." To this day, he is a failure as a mixer. There is something in his strange, agate temperament that holds him aloof. It is this inability to mix with all comers that, perhaps, prevented the consummation of his political ambitions.

He is a big man, upward of six feet two. His rather narrow blue-gray eyes are set curiously in a high forehead abaft a long, prominent nose. The eyes are rather more grayish than blue, cold, sharp, penetrating. The hair is blonde, thinning and graying just a trifle. One would set down his age at fifty, and at first glance would also probably stamp him as an individual of will and strength but not magnetism.

Probably not ten drops of alcholic stimulant have passed Hearst's lips in as many years. He is also abstemious in his diet, almost to the point of fastidiousness, although his larder is always stocked with delicacies.

He does not use tobacco in any form. Once he was a heavy cigarette smoker. He stopped smoking entirely many years ago, after a luncheon for which he had no appetite. He ate practically nothing and at the end of an hour he was surprised to find fifteen or twenty cigarette butts strewn on his plate. "Then," he says, "I decided that food was more important than tobacco and I have never smoked since."

When Hearst leaves a social gathering most of the company is ready to agree that the man is "interesting". But no one has warmed to him, or even has the feeling of having made the slightest dent in his unyielding reserve. Rather, he has left the impression that he does not really want to know the other fellow, that he merely forces himself at times to go through the polite gestures of social intercourse.

This impression that seems to be universal. No one, so far as I have been able to discover, has ever gotten beyond the bounds of limited intimacy with Mr. Hearst. He is indeed a self-sufficient man, yet there is no open display of the self-sufficient man's usual egotism.

"I don't understand my boy Bill," remarked bluff old Senator George Hearst fifty years ago. "Bill doesn't say much, but there's one thing I have noticed about him. When he wants cake he wants it

and he wants it now. And I notice he generally gets his cake right away."

Old Senator George, a pretty meaty character, so arranged things that "My Boy Bill" could cut into almost any cake he wanted to. A rough, red-shirted miner, self-taught geologist, and a natural financier, George Hearst read the rocks so intuitively during the Fabulous Fifties in California and Nevada that he left seventeen million dollars when he died in 1921, at seventy-one; left also a thirty-word will bequeathing all his property—mines, quartz mills, ranches, racing stable, etc., to his wife. Eventually all the property, which had vastly increased in value, came to the only child of the Hearsts.

There is a brave blood in W. R. Hearst. When Missouri was beyond the range of civilization his grandfather, William G. Hearst, South Carolinian farmer and cattle raiser, a generation or two out of Scotland, decided to make it his home. He moved to Franklin County, Missouri, and sold cattle to the trappers. There he married Elizabeth Collins, of Georgia. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, George Hearst, was born in 1820. In 1850 he joined the California gold rush. He fought Indians and cholera. He became an expert miner, and in 1859 he made his Big Strike, when he secured a one-sixth interest in the great Ophir mine, part of the Comstock Silver Lode of Nevada. This started him on the road to fortune. He explored from Alaska to the City of Mexico. He staked other miners and shared in their profits. Anaconda was but one of the big finds.

George Hearst turned later to ranching, cattle raising and the breeding of horses. He was a great gambler and he traded, raced and backed thoroughbred horses. In 1861 he returned to Missouri and won the hand of Pheobe Apperson, daughter of a wealthy Franklin County farmer, noted far and wide for her wit, vivacity and sweetness of nature. He took his bride to the coast and two years later, April 29, 1863, their son was born in the Hearst home on Leavenborn Street, San Francisco.

Willie Hearst's boyhood was passed here and on a ranch of three thousand acres in the Santa Lucia Mountains in the central coast region of California.

Here "My Boy Bill" rode and hunted. Here he watched his father breaking and training horses. Here came crude, shaggy individuals who called the Senator "George" and were treated like kings. Also famous men, vital forces of the West, who told tales that made the boy's ears stand out, and who sat in poker games where it was quite customary to wager ten thousand on a card.

"Why gamble unless you bet more than you can afford?" was one of George Hearst's aphorisms.

Young Bill went to public school in San Francisco. Then he was sent East to St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, to prepare for Harvard. He didn't like the East and returned home. But his

mother was keen to have him matriculate at Harvard.

So, without much enthusiasm, he consented to bone up on entrance requirements, and in the fall of 1882 he enrolled there. Bluff old George Hearst and his gentle little wife did not dream that their tall, gangling, rather silly-looking boy Bill would become a college storm center, nor that he would return home sooner than expected, without his sheepskin, and with curious request that he be permitted to take charge of the San Francisco Examiner, a sickly, practically moribund, little four-page newspaper which Hearst Senior had picked up for a song six years before.

—JOHN K. WRINKLER

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Mocking Birds

By Elinor Smith

Woman's Club Nature Group

NO, we have no "really truly"—as the children say—mocking-bird, unless it be semi-occasionally, but we have, here and there all over California, the brown California Thrasher, who almost improves on his cousin, the truly ne. They are both of the same family, and of closely-allied genuses, so they come fairly by their wonderful imitative qualities. The California Thrasher is a large bird, somewhat the size of the Flicker wood-pecker, but more slender; odd'v enough he is closely related to the tiny wrens, whose song he can successfully imitate, as well as those of most of our commoner song birds. Speaking of wrens reminds me that a typist's error made the "tom tit"—an English bird—take the place of our native "wrentit", described in a recent sketch.

Our Thrasher has strong feet and a long, strong bill, curved at the tip, and he makes the dead leaves fly as though they were in a high wind when he starts clearing them away in his search for bugs and worms. Such a mighty thrashing about does he make that his name arises therefrom. He is one of the happiest of birds and enjoys the music he makes most heartily, it seems quite evident, as he perches on some bush or tree-top, and pours forth a rollicking melody of surely all the songs he ever heard, and a rich collection of his own; he is like the lark in seeming to sing his songs "with words", and varied and amusing are the words. One of the bird specialists gives his songs as including the following rather athletic sounding remarks: "Kick-it-now, kick-it-now shut-up, shut-up, dor-o-thy, dor-o-thy!" When you are in the forest and hear some voices shout "Dear-me! dear-me! Queer queer—Pretty Girl. Pretty girl!" you may look about for this same polly thrasher. His remarks are a trifle given to the banal or obvious, but he is capable of very delicate and dainty imitations; in that respect he resembles our blue-jays, who have the same accomplishment, but seem ashamed to allow it to be known, and only sing their gentle, semi-falsette little songs when they think themselves without an audience. Let a singer see you witching him, and he immediately breaks out into loud, harsh "wanch". It is the fashion just now to paint the rascals of history and of Nature as misunderstood saints or benefactors of the race, and the blue-jay is one of the white-washed individualities.

But the thrasher is not accused of doing anything worse than to pull up or eat off the growing seedlings in gardens, while young birds in the nest and out of it, eg., both little birds' and hens', even little newly hatched chicks, are frequently the diet of the marauding blue-jay. No wonder, bold buccanneer that he is, that he dislikes to be caught at any effeminately gentle occupation, such as he singing of a sweet little song.

Thrashers are of the birds that usually are found in pairs, not in flocks, and their large, dullish brown forms, lighter below, are not striking until one is seen in motion—then you will remember him for what he is—a thrasher!

ALLAN CRAM SHOWING PAINTINGS AT ELDER'S

Allan G. Cram of Santa Barbara, who spent last summer in Carmel, is showing an exhibition of his oil paintings and pencil sketches at the Paul Elder Galleries in San Francisco. Cram gave several exhibitions of his work in Carmel during last June and July. He is showing several of his Salinas Rodeo series, that are in pencil with a bit of color. "California Oaks", one of his drawings, is reproduced in the art section of last Sunday's Chronicle.

AT THE MANZANITA

Attractions at the Manzanita Theater this week and the first of next are: tonight, "Midnight Lovers" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone; Thursday and Friday, "Moulders of Men" with Conway Tearle and Frankie Darrow; Saturday, "Silver Comes Through" with Fred Thompson and Silver King; Sunday, "Just Another Blonde" with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall; Monday and Tuesday, "It" with Antonio Moreno Wednesday, "Easy Pickins" with Anna Q Nilsson and Kenneth Harlan.

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 Giants vs. Shamrocks
 Tigers vs. Crescents
 Reds vs. Eskimos
 American League
 Rangers vs. Robins
 Sox vs. Pirates

May 15

National League
 Eskimos vs. Giants
 Reds vs. Tigers
 Crescents vs. Shamrocks
 American League
 Pirates vs. Rangers
 Sox vs. Robins

May 22

National League
 Shamrocks vs. Tigers
 Crescents vs. Eskimos
 Giants vs. Reds
 American League
 Robins vs. Pirates
 Rangers vs. Sox

May 29

National League
 Tigers vs. Eskimos
 Giants vs. Crescents
 Shamrocks vs. Reds
 American League
 Rangers vs. Robins
 Sox vs. Pirates

June 5

National League
 Reds vs. Crescents
 Eskimos vs. Shamrocks
 Tigers vs. Giants
 American League
 Sox vs. Robins
 Rangers vs. Pirates

June 12

National League
 Crescents vs. Tigers
 Shamrocks vs. Giants
 Eskimos vs. Reds
 American League
 Robins vs. Pirates
 Sox vs. Rangers

June 19

National League
 Giants vs. Eskimos
 Tigers vs. Reds
 Shamrocks vs. Crescents
 American League
 Pirates vs. Sox
 Robins vs. Rangers

June 26

National League
 Tigers vs. Shamrocks
 Reds vs. Giants
 Eskimos vs. Crescents
 American League
 Open

July 3 and 4

Series, National vs. American Sections
 Series against National Section winner

The "Show-Off"

IN "The Show Off", which is to be produced later in the month by the Carmel Players, George Ball offers one of the best two plays yet seen among his productions.

"The Show Off" has come to be synonymous with the name of Louis John Bartels who created the name part—that of Aubrey Piper. In reality the play is not a star play nor is the part of Aubrey Piper even meant for the leading part, so far as Mr. Kelly seems to have intended when he wrote the play.

It is stage history that Bartels, a vaudeville player none too well known there and entirely unknown to legitimate play-goers, was given the part by Kelly himself, also a former vaudeville player, and that when the play came into New York, Bartels proved to be so perfectly cast that he promptly ran away with the play and made it a vehicle for himself as the featured player.

Reading the play, without having seen either Bartels or the picture play developed along the line of his creation, one realizes that the lifting of Aubrey Piper into the leading character came from perfect casting of Bartels for the part. Judging by later developments, it apparently is Bartels' only type for he has done nothing good since and is making the tour of stock companies producing "The Show Off", playing his original part as guest star.

Even so eminent a dramatic critic as Heywood Broun appears to see the play through the characterization of Bartels. His elevation of the character of Aubrey Piper to the one and only feature worthy of mention indicates this. For the big part of the play as George Kelly wrote it, is that of Mrs. Fisher, the mother-in-law unwillingly of Aubrey Piper. The fact that Bartels made his Aubrey so dominating an artistic creation that nobody even remembers ever hearing what actress played the part of Mrs. Fisher adds lustre to his reputation, but even so does not dim the lustre of the craftsmanship of the play.

Save Martin Flavin's "Children of the Moon", Mr. Ball has not had so superlatively fine a play as to sheer craftsmanship as "The Show-Off". To a writer of plays, a producer of plays, an actor in plays, the flawless technique is a joy. Yet it is not craftsmanship that shrieks its identity. The man in the street will say it is a "Darn good play" and in so saying will pay tribute to exactly what dramatic experts enthuse over.

Bartels, to be sure, caught the public with his Aubrey Piper and made an enormous personal success. It was not the success for the play itself that Kelly apparently had in mind when he wrote it. For Bartels, it was one of the happy flukes that do come now and then to give a deserving player his chance—but "The Show-Off" would have had just as much success as a play without him. It is the play itself that is great.

—MAE HARRIS ANSON

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

7:04 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles Arriving at Monterey

8:30 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:30 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6 p.m.

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